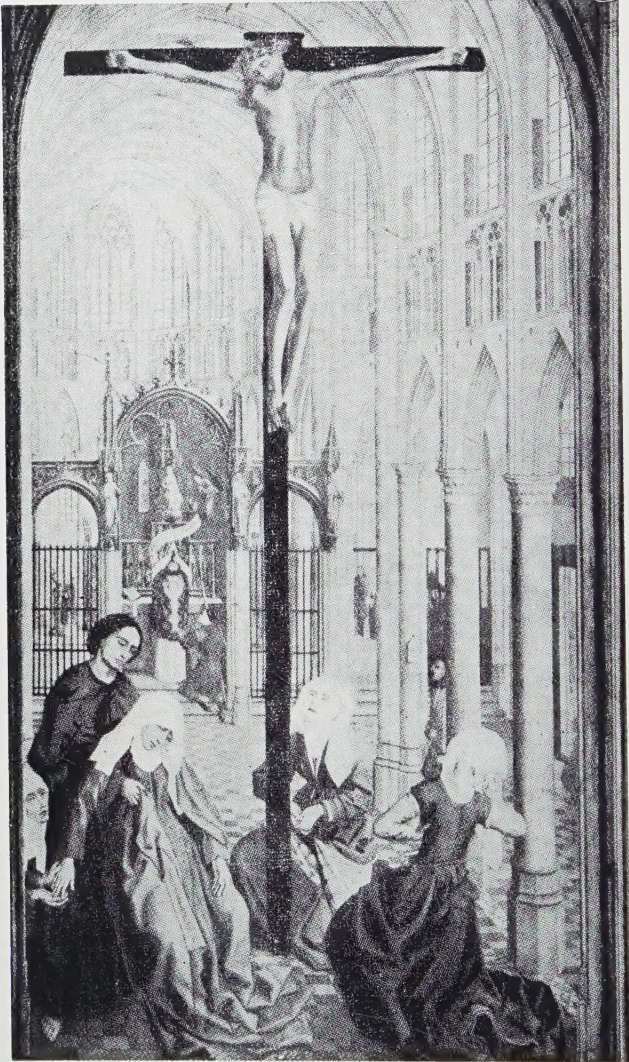


March, 1957

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THE DRAMA OF THE PASSION

by Van der Weyden

The Holy Cross Magazine

Mar.



1957

Thoughts On An African Passion Play

BY JOHN TAYLOR

ON THE arterial road linking Kampala in Uganda with Jinja and the Owen Falls dam lies the market town of Mukono, where the county chief has his headquarters. On Mukono Hill, overlooking the town, nine hundred people, Europeans, Africans and Asians, were drawn in 1954, during the days before Easter, to see a play produced in the college chapel. The players were African theological students and their wives, with some vernacular school-teachers. Though they were aware of the unusual lines of cars parked in the grounds, and burdened by their responsibility towards the tense spectators tightly packed in the pews, yet these men and women were not giving a performance in front of an audience, but re-presenting for their own deeper understanding and thanksgiving the Death and Resurrection of their Lord, as the culmination of their worship during Holy Week.

This was an African offering, an African interpretation. We had often recognized and enjoyed around camp-fires or in student-catches their inspired gift of spontaneous

dramatization, and had proved that this raw material could be raised to a great emotional and spiritual expression. It might need to be refined and disciplined, but it must not be quenched by the imposition of the conventions and techniques of the European theatre.

The producer brought his ideas, born of European tradition and experience, both theological and dramatic. But these had to be submitted absolutely to assimilation by the African players, with complete respect for their insight and faith in their creative power. It was a relationship of tension, maintained only by humility and trust.

We did not, for example, start with a written script. It is natural for people who look back over four centuries of printed books to think that a play must first be written before it can be acted. But to an African, who is still far more at home with the spoken than the written word, and who has therefore kept the gift of spontaneous, poetic speech which we have forfeited, it seems more natural that the acting of a story should precede and give birth to the dialogue.

The producer himself shares the normal British susceptibilities regarding the impersonation of Jesus Christ, and would have adopted one or other of the expedients which are used to avoid this responsibility. But to African eyes every one of these looked too much like a theatrical trick; the only way for them to produce that story was to show the central Figure. In the event, faith in their simple directness and reverence was not misplaced. One of the young, educated leaders of Uganda who had seen the play met, a few weeks later, the man who had taken the part of Christ. "I hardly like meeting you nowadays," he said. "It's difficult to look you in the face."

In distinguishing between those occasions when it was legitimate to correct technical points, and those when he had to submit to the Africans' judgment, the producer had to be guided by infinitesimal indications of resistance or acceptance on the part of the players. When Caiaphas, exasperated by Pilate's hesitation, poured out a flood of accusations against the Prisoner, his voice rose to a thin squeak of passion. To the producer this seemed exaggerated and almost ridiculous, and yet he sensed the approval of all the players. So the squeak occurred at every performance. One day a European woman, who knows Africa better than most, told how she had been suddenly and unbearably moved by this outburst of Caiaphas, as she recognized, in the quick, unnatural raising of his voice, the common symptom of a man who, knowing his lie is detected, lies defiantly.

The last scene, after its quiet opening with Peter's brokenhearted remorse and Mary Magdalen's ecstatic joy, became very nearly a romp, the romping of children for whom the too-good-to-be-true has happened, whose fear lest, after all, it isn't true, makes them a little hysterical. These gesticulating apostles with their shining eyes, hugging one another with excitement, arguing as they tell the tale, with sharp interjections of "Risen! Risen!" leaping from the ground, on the very verge of dancing—this is definitely not Europe's way of telling the story of Easter. Yet as the Lord stands smiling in the midst of them,

and they fall prostrate in the sudden hush of worship, we cannot doubt that Africa's vision of the Resurrection is a true one.

Aggrey's Tune

The play was therefore the product of a peculiar co-operation between black and white, not much like the thing commonly called partnership in that continent, but nearer, perhaps, to the "tune played upon the black and white notes of the piano" in which Dr. Aggrey so passionately believed.

The source of much of the desperate frustration of Africa is a fundamental lack of faith in the contribution of the coloured people, not only on the part of the white folk but among the Africans themselves. The fantastic technical success of modern, Western man seems so to dazzle the eyes of black and white alike that the European easily assumes a similar superiority in all other spheres of life, and the African, bedevilled with self-mistrust, seeks only to play a resentful second fiddle to the white man's tune. Whereby the world is much the poorer. For the tune we play is largely materialist, the atonal music of extreme individualism; it lacks the African contribution, if we would only hear it, which might restore to us a sense of the unseen world, and the wisdom of a richer communal relationship.

In a creative black-and-white partnership the European cannot divest himself of his inheritance or forget his experience. But he needs the humility to contribute the riches he has, without dominating the partnership to the exclusion of what the African has to offer. Besides humility there must be trust: each of the partners must accept both the validity and the strangeness of the African contribution.

To accept the validity of African wisdom and wisdom, without being ready to accept their strangeness, is a most dangerous form of sentimentality; dangerous because it is an affront to the African, and ends in the disillusionment of the white man. The kind hostess who exclaimed to an African student, "I know that under your skin you're just like an Englishman," was only an extreme example of a kind of inverted arrogance which is quite common. It is surprising how

any white people accept with respect the strangeness of Indian or Japanese culture, and yet imagine that an educated African would be a replica of themselves. It is far more tragic when Africans also come to share this view.

Attuning Our Ears

For many years now missionaries and others have been saying how much better it could be if African folk-songs could be adapted for use in the Christian congregations instead of Anglican chants and hymn-tunes. The folk-songs most of them have heard have been sung by schoolchildren, with European harmonies attached. A young African schoolmaster began writing settings of the church canticles in an African idiom, with harmonies which he based, not on the conventional European four-part system, but rather on the embryonic traces of harmony inherent in the counterpoint of African music. The effect was strange, sometimes harsh; the reaction of some of the "folk-song" enthusiasts was less strange but equally harsh. "Beer-drink music," they said. "Unsuitable for Christian worship." And many Africans in the Church agreed. But in some places his settings were used, and wherever that happened the singing took on a totally new life. Gradually English ears became accustomed to the strangeness, and many came to feel that, when vernacular words were in use, no other music was half so expressive or so lovely.

If racial co-operation in Africa is ever to become fruitful and satisfying, the African's right to be different must be recognized and his contribution, its authentic character intact, must be accepted, not as a museum piece, but as a living and valued factor in a common society.

The price of such acceptance is adjustment. The vigour and spontaneity of the students' acting required the discipline of an older tradition, though never so as to overwhelm them. Only as black and white submit to this creative tension in wider spheres

as well can Africa take her place in the modern world.

Day after day during rehearsals the crowd was worked up to a blind ferocity below Pilate's judgement hall. It was horribly real. After the last performance one of that crowd said: "Whatever happened in Uganda, I could never listen to an agitator now, or take part in a riot, for I have seen what the crowd does. This play has helped me to grow up."

Perhaps the nine hundred who came to see a Passion Play in the middle of a political crisis were wiser than they knew. Or they may have sensed that within that Story lies the secret source of the humility and trust and maturity which Africa is demanding of us all.

When we read Fr. John Taylor's account of The African Passion Play in the October issue of *Books for Africa*, a periodical put out by the International Committee on Christian Literature for Africa, we felt here was something we wanted to share with our own readers. Originally this article appeared in the London *Geographical Magazine*. We want to express our thanks to the author and the authorities of the *International Committee* and *The Geographical Magazine* for their generous co-operation making this available to us. Just recently a book describing the Passion Play has been published in Germany by Chr. Kaiser, Verlag, Munchen (Munich), in English and German. Fr. Taylor writes: "A Swiss professional photographer was touring Africa in 1954 and took a number of brilliant pictures of the play and 24 of these have been very beautifully reproduced, as only the Germans know how, and they have an introduction of some length which I wrote myself. These pictures are accompanied by the Passion Story in the words of the Bible and also by the words of Negro Spirituals which were sung at the performances of the play, rather as the chorales accompany the play at Oberammergau."



Twentieth Century "Loaves and Fishes"

BY JEAN BURDEN

A little black boy, scuffing the dust of a country road in Haiti, was stopped by tourists who asked why he was not in school. "Because the hunger in my stomach is too big for studying," he replied.

This small person is one of 1,600,000,000 people in the world who go to bed hungry every night.

An organization that is doing more than wring its hands about this problem is Meals for Millions Foundation, perhaps better known in the orphanages, hospitals and leprosaria of India, Hong Kong and Korea than in its home town of Los Angeles. It is observing this year its tenth anniversary of helping to feed the world's starving and malnourished with its distribution of Multi-Purpose Food (MPF). During this decade it has sent 50,000,000 meals of MPF to 102 different countries, shipments made possible by penny power and unbounded faith.

What is Multi-Purpose Food or "MPF," as it is usually called? It is a soy-based product, fortified with vitamins and minerals, developed by Dr. Henry Borsook at the California Institute of Technology. It is high in protein (that building block of the body so sorely needed in all food-deficit areas), will keep without refrigeration, and violates no religious or dietary precepts. It looks like cornmeal, but tastes far better. It can be cooked with water as a porridge, or combined with familiar dishes to provide in two ounces (dry) the amounts of protein, minerals and vitamins (except C, unstable in cooked foods) comparable to those obtained in a quarter pound of beef, a glass of milk, a dish of green peas and a baked potato. Two ounces reconstitute into an eight-ounce meal, costing only 3¢—surely the lowest cost for adequate nutrition yet devised. Lee Marshall, the late head of the President's Famine Emergency Relief Committee, said, "MPF is the answer to mass relief feeding." Msgr. George Carroll, National Catholic Welfare Conference representative, serving refugees

of Korea, wrote back, "MPF is a Godsend. We need more."

The plea for more is blended with heartfelt 'thank you's' in almost every letter. "We never get beyond the imperative of the daily mail," says Florence Rose, Executive Secretary of the Foundation. A doctor writes from Ceylon, "Some of the mothers can walk five miles for the small ration. From the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, Pondichery, South India, "We wish to tender you and your Foundation our heartfelt gratitude for having allotted us this shipment forwarded through the Ramakrishna Mission." A traveling priest in Burma tells of the natives eating poisonous "su" roots (which they boiled for hours to remove the poison) and "Kli" bark. "It gives no nourishment at all . . . During my tour I have to stay one night in each village. Even to pass one night now they are forced to sacrifice the little rice for my meal." From India, "Yesterday a man was telling me he had no children to look after and many times they have no food at all. Your MPF is a great relief to them. All my stocks are exhausted."

To all such urgent requests Meals for Millions responds as best it can with its limited funds. Working through missions, religious agencies, schools, hospitals, government representatives (over 180 groups all told) the Foundation sends its life-giving food. Sometimes the receiver buys it; more often it is donated through the generosity of Americans who feel responsibility for their brothers. One of their first large shipments was a half million meals in a boxcar of the Friendship Train. Another was 60,000 meals on the Navajo Trails Caravan. The lepers are fed MPF at the Holy Cross Mission in Liberia. A recent shipment to the Philippines was distributed to rat-infested regions in Mindanao. In Mandurajon was fed to "homeless boys picked up in the streets." When word came from Monrovia, Liberia via Church World Service that "

can't be bought anywhere now," and "the food need here is terrific," 80,000 meals of MPF were rushed within a week. In Viet Nam teen-age boys regularly eat MPF in a refugee camp, and could use 16,000 meals a month.

How did this project with its alliterative name ever start? Back in 1944, in the days of acute meat shortages, Clifford Clinton, a restaurateur who remembered the starving people in China where he had been brought up by missionary parents, gave the California Institute of Technology a grant of \$10,000 to develop a food that would provide non-rationed vegetable protein to replace or extend rationed animal proteins in its cafeterias, and be capable of export to

famine-ridden countries. The result was Multi-Purpose Food. He tried it out in his restaurants with immediate success, but when he tried to interest governmental officials in the humanitarian aspect of his plan, he was given little or no encouragement. It might have ended there, if Paul de Kruif had not written about MPF in Reader's Digest. Thousands of inquiries poured in. Out of the great need and public interest was born the idea of a non-profit organization to raise funds to distribute this food, and in 1946 Meals for Millions Foundation received its charter.

It graduated from one desk and one employee, to three floors and a staff of fifteen, housed in a narrow office building on the



GROUP OF VILLAGE CHILDREN NEAR MADRAS, INDIA.

They are typical examples of the ravages of a famine caused by three-year drought in South India. Miss Alice Longland, RN, pleads for American friends to send her more Multi-Purpose Food which will restore these children to health.

edge of Skid Row. Their overhead is kept to a minimum, and their slogan of "3¢ Buys a Meal" is still good through ten years of rising costs. One small factory in Los Angeles supplies all the food. Over the years prominent citizens have joined the Board of Directors and Advisory Councils: E. Stanley Jones, Clarence E. Pickett, Pearl Buck, Frank Laubach and Norman Cousins, to mention only a few.



Col. Patrick H. Buckley, Chief of Food Service, U. S. Army in Europe, praises and uses Multi-Purpose Food.

While MPF was often a challenge to credulity on the American side of the hunger barrier ("No one will eat the stuff!") it has been accepted by the poor and hungry abroad with unbelievable gratitude. "What a present!" writes a missionary from West Africa. "Nothing better!" Haitian children eat it like popcorn and call it "La Poudre Magique." From Germany comes the word, "Reports from those who have used this food acclaim it 'a miracle from the Lord.'" Bishop Arthur E. Chadwell has used it with great success in the St. Nicholas Shelter in Pusan, Korea; and Father Liebler writes enthusiastically of its use among the Navajos in Utah.

People can starve without starving to death. The importance to the world of protein malnutrition has been recognized by officials of the United Nations and the World Health Organization. The healthful effects of protein-high MPF are impressive, and testimonials fill the daily mail. Typical of thousands is this letter from a minister visiting in Hong Kong: "The doctors who have been using a small quantity of MPF we sent

in a controlled situation have said it was like manna from heaven . . . The increase in weight and restoration of life of these little children is nothing less than a miracle."

Sister Mary Angelica of a clinic in Pusan, Korea, writes, "We were delighted to have the Multi-Purpose Food and found it of the utmost benefit for the children suffering from malnutrition. It is really amazing what progress it helps them make and news of a shipment of this is always the best news of the day when the Sisters in the Clinic hear we are to receive some."

A doctor from India reports, "Results shown excellent response from protein poor patients—men, women and children. It is used in malnutrition, vitamin deficiency states, burns, post and pre-operative gastric cases. There is a great need for such food..."

Sometimes the reaction takes a poignant twist. When hungry crowds of Kottarapat in India were served the food they were ready to give a brief statement in Tamil telling about Meals for Millions and its work. Although they were eating only three days a week and working for four cents an hour, they took up a collection and asked a missionary to send it to the Foundation. Translated into American money it came to just 30¢.



Two Little Boys in Haiti eat uncooked MPF and find it good.

Other donations (more effective but more appreciated) in pennies and dollars have come from private citizens in the country, from Sunday Schools, church women's clubs. Share-Banks, (sometimes

ist a peanut butter jar with a slot in the over) have been placed on dining room tables, in doctors' offices, and by the cashiers of restaurants. One woman has given 3¢ a meal for each day of her children's lives. A Topeka, Kansas man sends in his monthly Social Security check of \$48.60 to "help end 3¢ meals to the hungry." An eminent educator in a west coast state university has an ingenious system. Every time a friend gives him a free ride to the University he drops into his share-bank the amount of bus fare saved. The first shipment of MPF to Kyoto, Japan, was made possible when a student in a Catholic seminary in Canada sent \$100 which his parents had given him for an ordination present. Once or twice a year thereafter he has sent Meals for Millions his entire monthly stipend as a priest in charge of a small parish. This is the kind of spirit that matches the gratitude of the receivers.

In 1955 Florence Rose was able to see at first hand how MPF was being used abroad. She visited 19 countries in seven months. She questioned the heads of hospitals, missionary societies; inspected refugee camps and orphanages; called on the heads of government, oftentimes without advance notice and with disregard of protocol. People were hungry—she had little time for red tape. She met with Health Ministers, agricultural experts, ambassadors, scientists. She knew that MPF was not only a food but a nutritional textbook. Dr. Borsook had envisaged in those terms. "We have the tools and technology to feed everyone in the world with our present resources," he had said in an article in "Engineering and Science." That meant that food should no longer be bought of in terms of so many bushels of wheat, so many pounds of butter. The purpose of food was *nutrition*. Realizing that if the starvation problem is to be solved it must ultimately be met by the hungry nations themselves, and that famine relief is only a first step toward famine prevention, Miss Rose gave emphasis to the possibilities of local production of a protein MPF-type food from domestic resources not generally used for human consumption. In India peanuts were tried, and currently plans for a pilot plant to produce five tons of Indian MPF a

day are being developed. Nine other plants are contemplated. In the Philippines fish powder is being investigated; dates and sesame-seed in Iraq. "We want to export not just the food, but the *idea*," explains Florence Rose. An international do-it-yourself program was the answer.

As a result of her trip eleven foreign Meals for Millions Affiliates and Committees were set up for research and education. Prominent officials volunteered to serve as chairmen: Dr. P. S. Deshmukh, Minister of Agriculture, took over in India; Dr. Juan Salcedo, Jr., former Chairman of the Executive Council of the World Health Organization, and Director of the Institute of Nutrition, in the Philippines; Colonel M. Jafar, Director General of Health, in Pakistan. In South America Dr. Josue de Castro, former Chairman of the Executive Council of FAO, is Chairman of the Latin-American Affiliate, with local production of soy already in high gear. Here is the corroboration of the validity of the idea as well as the nutritional value of the product.

As far as relief shipments are concerned, the need continues to be staggering. Two-thirds of the world is hungry. Missionaries in Haiti beg for more MPF to feed their sick and hungry; from Liberia come cries for "Please, another shipment for the babies!;" a million meals a month wouldn't feed the 600,000 orphans in Korea alone. This small if indomitable organization knows it has only scratched the surface. The soy production in this country has a potential of 180,000,000 meals a *day*. When this is finally tapped perhaps Meals for Millions can draw a deep breath. But not until. In the meantime the pleas for help continue. Fifteen tons of MPF have just been promised to the Hungarians, with faith that somehow the money will be found to pay for it.

Norman Cousins, Editor of the Saturday Review, wrote on the occasion of Meals for Millions' tenth anniversary: "Meals for Millions will not save the world, but it speaks a language that people understand and respect. Food can't solve all our problems, but no problem can be solved without it."

MEALS FOR MILLIONS FOUNDATION, INC.
115 EAST SEVENTH STREET
LOS ANGELES 14, CALIF

Unto The Altar Of God

BY ESTHER H. DAVIS

2. THE DECALOGUE

Reflections on an Old Testament Verse

How easy is Thy way, our God, how simple Thy demands. Thou dost require of us only that we do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with Thee. How can we do less than justly when Thou Who art all Justice art our example and guide? We may at times, because of our manifold sins, despair of Thy mercy and even doubt Thy love, but always we can rely on Thy justice. Even though it slays us it cannot condemn us utterly, for Thou knowest our frame and Thou rememberest that we are dust.

How can we fail to love mercy, when Thou dost deal mercifully with us? Thy mercy sustains and encourages us and without it we should perish. After judgment comes mercy. Justice demands that we die, for our transgressions are against Thy divine majesty, and who can offend Thee and live? Thy mercy suspends Thy judgments and offers us forgiveness instead. In mercy Thou dost take our iniquities from us and dost remove them from Thy sight as far as the east is from the west. So must we indeed

love mercy, for it is our light, our hope and our life.

How great is the disparity between that which Thou askest of us and that which Thou dost give. It is typical of Thy bounty that Thy final demand is our greatest blessing, that we walk humbly with Thee. It is impossible that we should reach so high as yet Thou hast commanded us so to do. The wonder of it fills our souls and we are overcome with deep humility and this it is that puts us into step with Thee. Thou hast made us to be Thy children and we accept the honor and responsibility with gratitude and love. Cleanse Thou our hands and purify our hearts, for we would ascend unto the hill of the Lord, and stand upright in His holy place. With praise and thanksgiving we approach Thy presence, and in Thy law we find our delight. Always following that law we would serve Thee all the days of our lives, doing justly because of Thy justice, loving mercy above our own lives, and walking humbly with Thee, our God, forever.

Concelebration

A concelebration of the Holy Eucharist is a celebration in which two or more priests, acting in unison, consecrate the Sacrament together. In the life of the early Christian Church, the bishop was often joined by his priests around the altar as a sacramental expression of their unity in the ministry of the Body of Christ.

The increased interest in liturgical matters has produced a series of articles on concelebration in church periodicals. The LIVING CHURCH has published two articles by the Reverend H. Boone Porter, Jr., Assistant Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Instructor in Liturgics, Nashotah House, on this subject. Father Porter states the interest in the subject as not just one of historical

curiosity, but as fulfilling a need whereby a group of priests may offer the Liturgy together. This could be the case in theological seminaries, monasteries and larger cathedrals where there are a number of clergy who celebrate a daily Eucharist. These institutions have always influenced the spiritual life of the church; so the subject is of interest to all Churchmen. The need for a more corporate offering of the Eucharist is also filled in conventions, retreats and other gatherings of the clergy.

Father Porter's interest in this matter resulted in a recent concelebration of the Holy Eucharist by the Bishop of Milwaukee and six of his priests at a monthly meeting of the Milwaukee clericus.



The celebration was held in Saint James Church, Milwaukee. Since the sanctuary of the church was limited in size it was decided that, for the purpose of the service, the altar-rails and all of the space in the chancel East of the choir stalls should be regarded as being within the sanctuary.

The service was carried out in the context of a simple said service, with only one server, the six priests and the bishop. When the service began the deacon, in surplice and stole, followed by the six priests fully vested for the Eucharist, and the bishop vested and

Following the Creed, the deacon brought the cruets to the altar and the bishop offered the elements as usual. The deacon also presented hosts to the priests who one by one offered them and placed them on the paten at the same time offering the chalice. Thus all the celebrants had a full share in the offertory action.

The second photograph shows the bishop at the center of the altar, the priests in a row behind him and the deacon behind them on the right—a vivid picture of the threefold ministry in action. The clergy occupied



with his pastoral staff processed into the sanctuary. For the opening prayers the priests formed along the altar-rails with the bishop in the center.

In the first photograph we see the deacon reading the Epistle, with the bishop and the priests turned toward him, as he reads facing the congregation. Afterwards, one of the priests on the gospel side read the gospel. Ideally, of course, the deacon should read the gospel and a sub-deacon read the epistle, but this was not done in order to keep the service simple.

this position, more or less, during most of the Mass. The Prayer for the Church, the Preface, and the Prayer of Consecration were said in the usual fashion by the bishop and the priest prayed with him in a low voice. The General Confession and Prayer of Humble Access were said in the same place by the concelebrants kneeling.

The bishop communicated himself in the usual fashion, after which the priests approached the altar two by two making the Fractions and Communion. The bishop stood in the center and the priests on his

right and left, the bishop passing the chalice from one to the other. When the priests had communicated the bishop assisted by the deacon administered the Sacrament to the congregation.

When the priests returned to their positions outside the altar-rails they joined the bishop in the Prayer of Thanksgiving and received the bishop's blessing.

In addition to concelebrating each priest performed extra jobs to expedite the service. In the third photograph one of the priests is finishing the ablutions while the bishop begins the post communion thanksgiving.

Thus by offering the elements, saying the consecratory prayers and performing the fraction and communion, each priest actually

celebrated; but each did so not as an isolated individual but rather as part of the corporate Catholic priesthood. The bishop gave visible expression to his office as chief-pastor and high-priest; the priests officiated under his guidance and as his fellow-workers and associates in the sacred ministry; and the deacon as his assistant and server.

-:- EDITOR'S NOTE -:-

We want to extend our thanks to Dr. H. Boone Porter for making the material and pictures available to us. Just for the record, I would like to add that Concelebrations have been held in and endorsed by St. Stephen's Anglican Theological College in Oxford, England, and the Roman Benedictine houses at Beck and Maria Laach on the continent.



ABRAHAM HATFIELD, R.I.P.

A close friend and generous benefactor of our Order left these earthly habitations when Abraham Hatfield, in his nintieth year, died suddenly at his winter home in Mount Dora, Florida, on January 26, 1957.

Mr. Hatfield was ever a devoted churchman and was for many years a trustee of the church of Saint Mary the Virgin in New York City. He was a strong supporter of Saint Stephen's College (now Bard College) Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., and always took a keen interest in the life and works, not only of our own Order, but also of the Society of Saint John the Evangelist and several other Communities.

In later years he made his home at his beautiful residence, "Stepping Stones," New Britain, Conn., and characteristically threw himself whole-heartedly into the parish life of Saint Mark's Church there.

We will always remember with deep gratitude the intense interest and support he gave our Liberian Mission in Africa. Not only did he contribute funds but, often at great personal inconvenience, he would seek out the best means and ways of procuring needed supplies. With his thorough knowledge of the business world, this was of inestimable value to us. When we told, in the February

issue of *The Hinterland*, of our hopes for a jeep mobile clinic and of "a good friend (who) offered to put up one-quarter of the cost if we would raise the other three quarters," we were referring to Mr. Hatfield.

A solemn Mass of Requiem was offered in our monastery chapel on February 9th for the repose of his soul.

CONTINUITY

Blest is the man indeed whose wisdom leads
Him on the eager way of finding life
Within the depth of simple things. He heeds
Their strength and takes it to himself. The strife
Of man-made power leaves no harried mark
Upon the calmness of his years. The dim
Cool rays of dawn, the brilliant sun, the dark
Are part of his untroubled soul. For him
There is no strangeness and no sudden shock
When death approaches. He can tranquil meet
Each law of change. No bitterness can mock
A faith that, finding Love, is whole, complete.
For one who treads the path that he has trod
Remains in death on speaking terms with God.

—Anne Trott Talmage

Hymn for Stations of the Cross

Tune: SEYMOUR 177 AH 1940 OR ANY OF LIKE METRE

AT THE START

Holy Savior, as I tread
The sad way Thy sorrows led
To the place where Thou lay'st dead,
Guide me, heal me, and bless me.

I

Men to get Thee killed did lie.
Pilate dared say Thou must die.
But the secret reason why
Was that Thou mightest save me.

II

On Thy aching, bleeding back
Did they set that torture-rack.
So I mercy might not lack,
For me Thou didst bear it all.

III

Weak, didst Thou fall to the road,
Crushed down 'neath the awful load.
Yet to push Thee on they'd goad—
All for me,—so unworthy.

IV

Oh, the grief of Mary dear
When the Mother's eyes with fear
Saw her anguished Son draw near,
Struggling onward to save me.

V

All the weight Thou could'st not hold
So to help Thee one was told.
But than Simon I'm less bold:
All my sins, Lord, carry Thou.

VI

Slow and suff'ring was Thy pace
When the woman, brave by grace,
Wiped the moisture from Thy face,
Wet and soiled because of me.

VII

Thy great strength had vanished all
In the garden and trial hall;
To the hard ground Thou didst fall
Since to sin I often have.

VIII

Women wept to see Thy Woe
But my feelings, Lord, I know,
By a new life I must show
Since by this Thou savedst me.

IX

Fall'n again 'mid mocking din,
Lord, it was my frequent sin
Bowed Thy shoulders low to win
By Thy pains my pardon free.

X

At the weary journey's end
From Thy torn limbs did they rend
Bloody garments. O my Friend,
From my vile sins so strip me.

XI

On the wood they laid Thee, pale.
Then with sound of hammered nail,
Thee they pierced Whom angels hail
So that I'd be forgiven.

XII

O white figure 'gainst the sky,
Long, long hours it took to die.
'Though it made Thy mother cry,
So was won my salvation.

XIII

Then they lowered from the cross
Bloodless limbs that purged our dross;
Thou hadst paid for mankind's loss.
My soul's debt was cancelled so.

XIV

In kind Joseph's quiet grave
Thee they laid Who didst man save,
Past the anguish Thou didst brave
Which was for my redemption

AT THE CLOSE

Saviour, Who hast died for me,
Fill my heart with love for Thee.
Bowed to Thy will may I be,
My salvation accepting.

—JOSEPH HAROLD BESSOM, O.H.

A Monk Experiences A Church And Group Life Laboratory

BY LEE STEVENS, O.H.C.

"I can't communicate what happened. I've just tasted a new peach, Bishop. I can't tell you what it is like. You'll have to taste it yourself." So reported a Church and Group Life Laboratory delegate to his Bishop during a role play.

He was right. Everyone who has attended Lab agrees that the experience can not be adequately put into words. So for you, my reader, I attempt only to present some facts about the Lab and to share with you a few of my impressions of a deep and very real experience.

For a long time I had been hearing about this Church and Group Life Laboratory business. It was apparently reaching right into the heart of the Church and touching a great many of our clergy and lay people all over the country. 1500 of our priests are already "lab trained," and by the end of 1958 another 1500 will have had the experience—over half of the clergy of the Church. These are folks to whom and for whom we monks reach missions, conduct retreats, give spiritual counsel, etc. It seemed obvious that we should know at first hand what this experience is through which they are going and growing! The Father Superior had been thinking along these same lines, and immediately gave me the green light. I wrote to Father John Midworth, Executive Secretary of the Laboratory Program of the National Council's Department of Christian Education, requesting all available literature on the lab program, and asking if I might "sit in" on a Lab to see what was going on.

His reply was immediate and enthusiastic. All brochures are in the mail. And I covet for you more than just "sitting in" on a Lab. In order to know what this is all about, you must participate in a Lab—undergo the experience yourself. We'll do everything possible to enable you to have the experience." Have "the experience?" I backed away a bit and looked again. Did he mean some

kind of an organized emotional binge? In some religious circles the expression "spiritual experience" has been so abused that the use of it today does give one legitimate pause. However, the last thing I could conceive of in connection with Father Midworth would be an emotional binge, and I resolved to go ahead with a completely open mind. I discovered it to be a perfectly legitimate experience . . . and more than that, a remarkable and deeply spiritual one.

A full scholarship was granted (\$110.00) covering all costs except travel. (This aid may be available for you, if you cannot otherwise participate in a Lab.) In due time I landed, along with sixty other priests and trained lay Church workers from all over the U. S. (and one each from Canada and Australia), in the heart of the Rocky Mountains where our Laboratory was to be conducted. There we experienced something that defies adequate description. Why is it so hard to communicate? Because it is, in fact, a deep personal involvement in group life within the Christian community, something that has to be tasted as the new peach does if the flavor is to be appreciated.

Here let me paint in a bit of background for our picture, since it will be new for many of you. What is a Church and Group Life Laboratory? Let us glance at a bit of recent history. In the 1940's appeared a phenomenon in the secular world known as the "Group Dynamics Movement," its founder a social scientist named Kurt Lewin. Soon an Institute in Group Dynamics was set up (now at the University of Michigan), and later a "laboratory" at Bethel, Maine, where leaders of the movement and other interested persons met for experiment and research in the field of group dynamics. The purpose of the movement is the scientific study of what happens when people come together in groups. Its leaders are social scientists interested in improving community life in our

secular democracy and in evolving better methods of education in our schools. Many new leadership and educational techniques have been worked out and are already being widely used in the business world, in the armed forces, and in community programs over the country.

More and more clergy began to attend the Bethel Laboratory. The conviction grew that the Church could benefit greatly through adapting and using the new techniques within the Christian community. A basic need of every human being is to belong, to live in community, to share a life of fellowship. Apart from community he cannot develop. Our Lord established His One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church as THE redemptive fellowship, the community or family of God into which souls can be incorporated and attain to their full stature as His children. This is the whole New Testament idea: the Church IS a community, a fellowship, a body of people formed in Christ into a living, powerful organism . . . and to this community has been given the Holy Spirit. The sad fact today is that we Christians have lost this sense of *corporateness*, of belonging to the Body, of seeing all of life in the context of the Christian community. For the last two centuries religion has been made such a personal thing . . . "the flight of the alone to the Alone." Faith has become something each person works out for himself, a very private matter. This concept is completely non-Biblical. In the New Testament, while life and power *are* given to the individual, it is always in the context of the Christian community. The heart of Christianity is a covenant relationship between God and His people. It is always a sociological, not a psychological, manifestation. The primary task of the Church today is to reawaken in men the concept of the corporateness of the Church . . . the sense of belonging to the living Body of Christ. Until this happens, the Church is sorely handicapped in trying to fulfill her mission among men. The question was, then: might not the principles discovered in the group dynamics movement prove helpful in recalling Christians to more vivid awareness of the corporate nature of the Body of Christ, the Church, to which they belong? It was thought so.

The National Council launched a program of learning, seeking to apply the new techniques under strict laboratory (i.e. controlled) conditions to Christian group life. The first Laboratory was conducted in 1953. As Father Midworth has described it: "Each Lab is in a real sense a microcosm of the Church. Members come together as Christians and Churchmen. They can, being Christians and Churchmen, come together in no other way. Their Christianity and their membership in the Church are part of what goes into and becomes a part of the life of the Laboratory." The Laboratory meets within a framework of the Church, with the Eucharist and daily Offices providing the essential elements of worship for this Christian community . . . The Laboratory is concerned with what happens when people come together in groups, especially in the life of the Church."

At the opening session of our Laboratory at Estes Park, our chairman, Father Francis Voelcker, explained the nature of the effort upon which we were entering: "The Laboratory isolates particular phenomena for careful and controlled study. A Church Lab does not study the whole nature of the Church, but those phenomena which are of the substance of the group life of the Church. Yet the Lab is related to the great Mission of the Church. The Church IS mission, and her mission is to include all creation into the Redemptive Body of the Risen Lord. In the Laboratory we will look at some of the things which cause and create 'exclusion' which are antithetical to the nature of those who are charged with the mission of the Church—and that means all who have been brought into the Fellowship through Baptism . . . Joy, inclusion, love, and fellowship will be ours in this Lab, but there will also be anxiety, rejection and pain. Yet, I think you, like many who have gone before, will say in two weeks 'It is good that we have been here.'"

Father Voelcker conducted the Laboratory, very ably assisted by a staff of trained workers most of whom were priests. It ran for two weeks. What was a typical Lab day like? The day began at God's Altar with Morning Prayer and Holy Eucharist. After breakfast, all Lab members gathered in the main hall for an hour's conducted "theo-

ssion" which deals with selected aspects and factors of group life. A half-hour coffee break, then came what every participant felt to be the very heart of the Lab: the training groups (quickly dubbed "T groups"). Each group was made up of nine or ten delegates with one leader and one observer from the Lab staff, and it met daily throughout the two weeks. More about the T group presently. After lunch and a free period, the practice groups assembled in assigned rooms. For two hours under guidance of a staff leader each small group tried to put into practice some of the skills and techniques learned in the morning theory session. On some days the practice groups were replaced by special interest groups as requested by participants. Evening Prayer or Evensong preceded the evening meal. After supper on some evenings the entire Lab convened for another two-hour practice session in which staff members presented selected demonstrations and discussed the relevance of the new techniques to the parish situations back home.

The two-week program was a strenuous one, but a wise balance was kept through planned recreation periods, two free afternoons, two free evenings, and a free weekend. We at Estes Park saw a good deal of that gorgeous mountain country, thrilling to ride across mountain tops and to the wild trumpet call of the elk reverberating through the hills in the quiet just before dusk.

The T groups we have called the heart of the Lab. In the T group we found ourselves living, and at the same time watching ourselves being, the raw materials in the process of building human relationships that produced a cohesive group. It was a deeply spiritual experience. It is this that is so hard to tell about. We were seated around a big table . . . nine persons, strangers to each other. Among us sat a trained staff leader and a staff observer, silently observing and taking notes on our behaviour. They were there to help us by reporting from time to time if we requested it. They had another important function also: to spot well in advance and guard against any tendency on the part of a participant to "go off the deep end." The T group is not the place for the individual to dredge up his past or haul out onto the

table his deep-seated psychological problems requiring therapy which the Lab staff is not equipped to render. There is possibility of real danger here for the emotionally immature, and the staff takes every precaution to guard against it.

Nothing—no program, no agenda, no topic of conversation—was given us. We were placed around the table and left there completely on our own to "become a group." It was like being one of nine chemicals dropped into a crucible to react, and at the same time being an observer outside the crucible watching reactions going on within. For two hours daily for two weeks this went on. All kinds of reactions came forth, of course. Some people withdrew into their shells, suspiciously and watchfully. Other made speeches. Some tried to dominate and direct the group. There were tears, anger, resentment; there was tension and fear. There were loving impulses, the reaching out of helping hands. There was tenderness and real concern. There was admission of failure, the withholding of self from the group . . . and forgiveness for it. (And I do not mean public "confession binges!")

In the course of two weeks we did slowly and painfully develop from a collection of nine individuals into a united group. There gradually came into being a unity, a cohesiveness; a feeling of being accepted and of belonging; a mutual interest in and concern for each other, together with real affection . . . what we would call Christian love. We learned really to "hear"—i.e. not just to listen to the other fellow's words, but to hear the need behind them. Then we learned to move in and try to meet that person in his need by sharing it with him . . . to move in beside him in such a way that he knew it, perhaps by admitting that it was or had been our need too. This is of the essence of self-giving, of sharing, of love; and it is costly. To varying degrees each person was eventually drawn out of himself and his isolation into a vital relationship with the others. He learned to trust them and entrust himself to them. And we all watched this process unfolding before our eyes. Through personal involvement we became aware of and sensitive to the powerful forces that operate within group life. We saw these forces actually

appearing and working. The result was, we all agreed, definitely the work of the Holy Spirit. We had become a united group, with strong loyalties and strong group spirit. Some were more deeply involved than others, of course, depending on the degree to which each had given of himself. (We had one or two who did not get as far as the others, quite obviously.) But we were something more than just another group of human beings who had succeeded in becoming unified. We were a group of Christians, pervaded by our Lord's own spirit. And I mean this in the solid, down-to-earth sense. We all *knew* it! We had learned to enfold in Christian love people who two weeks earlier had been utter strangers to us. It had come through the costly meetings of selves, the giving and sharing of selves—through pain and travail and self-sacrifice and joy—shared by each in his own way and degree. And God the Holy Ghost WAS present in our midst; it was His love that gradually triumphed in each of us to the degree in which each had been willing to open his being to let it happen. We became aware of what we in fact are by virtue of our Baptism: members of Christ's living Body, members one of another.

Every parish needs to "become" the Church in a similar way. Members need to realize their "belongingness". . . become aware that they do belong to the Body. An understanding of group process and of the part the individual plays in the process can be of tremendous help in bringing this about, under God. To all intents and purposes our T group was simply a tiny section of the Body of Christ. It WAS the Church. Its mission was the Church's mission: to draw each soul into the Body, help him become aware of his belonging, being accepted and loved for himself. It is the basic assertion of the group dynamics movement that every person has a fundamental need to be "included," and that it is through this inclusion in the group that he *feels loved*. We recall the words of St. Matthew's Gospel: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them INTO the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost . . ." It is this inclusion in the Body of Christ that is "redemptive." We are redeemed by belong-

ing to His Body. The Church's mission is to bring people into it.

At the Lab at Estes Park we came to realize more fully what it means to "belong": to be accepted and included in the Christian Body, to be loved. And it was, I believe, a deeply redemptive experience for the participants generally. Certainly it was so for the writer. And we observed it happening to, in, and through ourselves! We became aware of the powerful forces and factors involved, playing and interplaying as these personalities reacted in the process of becoming an integrated group.

In conclusion, a few observations. The roots of this Laboratory Program lie in the realization that the Good News of the Gospel is not real to people today. The leaders of this movement are deeply concerned with this vital question: How to reach and help out the Gospel as the meaningful answer to those who "in the midst of death cry out for life." On the individual level it involves hearing, moving in and trying to meet the other fellow's need; including him in the fellowship, loving him in Christ, which is just what the Gospel envisages. It becomes real to the individual through the experiencing. It is to be experienced in the Body, in the Christian fellowship, in the parish, with Christ at the center. If we are intelligent to help people to this experience, we do need some understanding in the matter of group process and the part the individual plays in it. The Lab tries to give these insights.

It is not claimed that the Laboratory Program is THE answer. It does not displace the Gospel. It is simply another technique. It is an attempt to apply within the life of the Church sound principles and techniques discovered through the Group Dynamics Movement.

Moreover, it is recognized that there are real dangers involved in the technique, and the staff warned us against them over and over again. For the parish priest and trained Church worker there is the temptation to make precipitous or wrong use of the newly learned insights and techniques in the parish, manipulating people and parish groups. For the emotionally and psychologically unstable there is always the possibility of a breakdown.

under the strenuous experience which the T group brings, and the Lab is not equipped to administer therapy required by such cases. Fortunately they are very rare, and the Lab staff is always on the alert to prevent their happening.

The Lab experience has great value. It gives deeper self-knowledge and deepens one's insight, both into oneself and others. One learns to "hear," to move in and try to meet the expressed need of others. One experiences what it means to "belong," to be included, "loved." One becomes aware of the forces and factors at work in a group being born. It can be of inestimable value to a parish priest to be conscious of the forces and factors that are working when his vestry meeting, or other parishoners are forming groups and meeting.

I have tasted a new peach, and I cannot impart the flavor. You can see how I have stumbled around trying. I only hope that these impressions may have made many of you want to taste and see for yourselves. If you do it, remember that your Lab group will be different; no two can be the same. Yours might not turn out very well. Mine was grand! So much depends upon the personal equation: the people involved, their problems and background, the excellence of the leaders and staff, etc. Yours might be a disappointing experience. It might be a wonderful one. In any case, this Church and Group Life Laboratory Program is a valuable and effective technique. Let us pray that it may be another powerful instrument in the hands of God for bringing in His Kingdom, D.V.

March Saints

BY A SISTER OF O.S.H.

The feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, the outstanding feast of this month, is one of the older feasts of our Lady, having been celebrated since early in the fifth century. In the eastern Church it is considered a feast of our Lord, commemorating as it does the very beginning of His incarnation; in the west it has generally been regarded as a feast of our Lady, whose perfect submission to the will of God is here so clearly seen. Various dates have been assigned to it, but the commonest is March 25, the day on which it is now celebrated.

It seems fitting that this greatest feast of our Lady should be accompanied by that of St. Joseph, occurring on March 19. We know nothing for certain of St. Joseph except what we are told in the Gospels; tradition, and the apocryphal gospels, have made him much older than St. Mary, and a widower with several children, but this seems to be pure conjecture. St. Matthew calls him "a just man," and he must have been a very devout and humble one, to be able to serve as foster father and guide to our Lord in His human childhood. He probably died before Jesus began His public ministry.



Many of the martyrs of the early Church are known to us only through bare skeleton accounts, or through "Acts" sometimes generously larded with rather unlikely miracles, and so it is refreshing to read the quite natural and unaffected firsthand account of the martyrdom of St. Perpetua, St. Felicitas, and their companions, which took place in Carthage in the year 203 and is celebrated

on March 6 or 7. Perpetua, a young noblewoman and mother of an infant son, herself wrote the story of the imprisonment and trial of the group; a fellow prisoner, Saturus, added a description of a vision he had had; and an eye-witness finished the tale with an account of the martyrs' death in the arena. The tone of the whole story shows vividly with what very real joy the Christians of those early days were ready to offer their lives in faithfulness to their Saviour.

Within a few years after Constantine's Edict of Milan in 313, the age of persecution drew to a close and was succeeded by the age of the councils, called forth by the need to defend the Faith against deliberate or unwitting perversion. The first of the great heresies which had to be put down was Arianism, and practically all of the great figures of the Church in the middle half of the fourth century were involved in the battle against it. One such was Cyril, bishop of Jerusalem from about 350 till his death around 387. He began as a fence-sitter, perhaps not holding definitely Arian views, but hesitating, like many others, to the kind of exact statement of the Faith which the Catholic party demanded; hoping too, perhaps, that some sort of honest compromise could be effected. Eventually he seems to have realized that Arian and Catholic views could not possibly be reconciled, for he formally accepted the Nicene creed as it was promulgated at the Council of Constantinople in 381. His main importance in the Church's history lies in his writings, especially his teaching about the Blessed Sacrament. His feast is celebrated on March 18.

By a century after the death of St. Cyril, the Roman Empire was beginning to come apart at the seams. The split between East and West was steadily widening, and the western empire was crumbling beneath the masses of Germanic invaders from beyond the Rhine and the Danube. In 410 the Goths under Alaric sacked Rome itself, and after that no one was safe for very long.

In the midst of all this turmoil, a boy in his early teens left his home in Nursia to take up the life of a hermit at Subiaco in the Apennine Mountains of Italy. After a few years, word began to spread of the wonder-

ful hermit Benedict at Subiaco, and people flocked to him for counsel and guidance. In time he became abbot of a nearby monastery; later he founded several more. However, some people, not caring for his strictness or his popularity, tried to get rid of him, and at least two attempts were made to poison him. When a local priest, jealous of his influence, sent a group of prostitutes into Benedict's monastery to tempt the monks, the abbot decided it was time to depart, and gathering a few of his followers, he left Subiaco after thirty-five years. Traveling south, he came to the high, isolated hill now known as Monte Cassino; here he established his new monastery, and here, in the remaining fourteen years of his life, he developed the Rule that gave definite form to western monasticism. He was able, too, to be of help to many of the peasants of the neighborhood stricken by crop failure or Gothic ravages; more than one pillager, courageous enough before physical danger, flinched from the revelation of himself that he read in the facts and words of this monk. St. Benedict died about 543; his feast is on March 21.

The Benedictine Rule spread rapidly to other monasteries, especially around Rome. Here, about 575, a wealthy young civil official turned his family mansion into a monastery and himself became a monk therein. His hopes of a life of prayer and retirement were frustrated, however, by a pope who knew his diplomatic abilities and sent him as ambassador to Constantinople in 578. Then, in 590, the poor monk heard that he had been elected pope. He fled Rome, but was discovered, brought back, and consecrated as Pope Gregory I.

Since he had to be pope, Gregory did his best at it, and his best was good enough that later ages have named him Gregory the Great. He fought heresy, clerical abuse, and the Lombards with vigor and success, and he collected and organized much of the work of earlier theologians, making the thought of the early Church available to the approaching Middle Ages. He died in 604 after several years of severe illness; his feast is on March 12.

One of St. Gregory's acts as pope was to send Augustine, a Roman monk, to initiate

the conversion of England in 597. The result of this was the re-establishment of contact with the local Church of the British Isles, which, cut off by Germanic invasions from the Church as a whole, had been developing along its own distinctive lines for over a hundred and fifty years.

It was about the end of the fourth century that the last Roman legions were withdrawn from Britain, leaving the province open to the raids of warlike Irish tribes. In one such raid a lad named Patrick was captured and taken to Ireland as a slave. Patrick had been Christian before this, but not an exceptionally devout one; now the hardships of slavery and the solitude of the wild pastures where he herded his master's flocks turned him more and more toward God. When, after six years, he escaped and made his way home to Britain, it was to spend fourteen years preparing himself to return to Ireland as a missionary.

Others were interested in Ireland too, and in 431 a bishop was sent there to preach the faith. Somehow, though, his mission failed, and the following year Patrick was consecrated to replace him. The next thirty-odd years can only be called fantastic. In that short time Patrick succeeded in converting the whole of the scattered nomadic society of Ireland; and if some pagan elements dropped out again after his death, as they were bound to do, still the essentials of the faith were so firmly established that a century and a half of isolation failed to pervert them seriously. Patrick died about 461 at Saul, in the northeast, where he had established his first Irish church. His feast is March 17.

It was fortunate that St. Patrick's foundations had been so firmly laid, for even before his death, the migrating Germanic tribes began their invasions of Britain, effectively shutting off the islands from the rest of the civilized world. The British, and with them British Christianity, were pushed westward until they retained only Wales and the southwestern peninsula which today is Cornwall.

One of the outstanding figures of the British Church at this time is St. David. Very little is known of him for certain, but he was bishop of the western coastal city of Mynyw,

and a prominent figure in the battle against the Pelagian heresy, which repeatedly raised its head in Britain. He was apparently a preacher of tremendous force; one of his speeches made such an impression as to give rise to a legend that a white dove had come to sit on his shoulder, while the ground where he stood to preach gradually rose under him to become a hill. He had a great reputation for personal holiness, and has become the patron saint of Wales. His death has been dated anywhere from 544 to 600; his feast is March 1.

The Christian Britons had suffered so much at the hands of the Saxons and Angles that they felt no slightest desire to offer the invaders a share in the benefits of Christianity. Entrenched in the fastnesses of Wales, and Cornwall, they were quite content to commit their unwelcome neighbors to everlasting punishment, the sooner the better. The result was that when Christianity did reach these Germanic peoples, it did so, in the north, from the Irish, or Celtic Church through the missions which the latter had established in Scotland; and in the south, from the Roman Church. It was in 563 that St. Columba arrived from Ireland to found the monastery of Iona; and in 597 that St. Augustine landed in the little kingdom of Kent, far to the south. Before the middle of the next century, the two Churches had met, and the question had to be faced of which one would prevail. At the Council of Whitby in 664 the question was answered in favor of the Roman Church. This, in the long run, was probably fortunate, as it ended the long isolation of the British Church and enabled it both to contribute to and to benefit from the Christian world as a whole; but it was a hard thing for many Celtic Christians to accept. Two of the men who stand out in this critical period, as leaders in carrying the Whitby decision into action, are St. Chad, bishop of Mercia, and St. Cuthbert, bishop of Lindisfarne. St. Chad, born about 620 in northern Britain, spent some years as a monk in Ireland, and then became abbot of Lastingham in Britain. When, after the Council of Whitby, the newly elected bishop of Lindisfarne seemed to have forgotten to come home from Gaul, whither he had gone

to receive Roman consecration, Chad was elected to the See and consecrated by British bishops; however, he willingly resigned it when the original candidate, Wilfrid, reappeared. Shortly thereafter the Roman archbishop of Canterbury, Theodore of Tarsus, appointed Chad to the See of Mercia, where he labored for two and a half years, till his death in 672.

Meanwhile his younger contemporary and fellow-Northumbrian, Cuthbert, a monk of Melrose Abbey and a vigorous missionary, had been sent to the great monastery of Lindisfarne, which had been torn by dissension over the Whitby decision, to reconcile its members to the Roman use. He succeeded so well that some years later, when the bishopric of the See fell vacant, Cuthbert was the obvious choice; and though the diocese was far too big for any one man to administer, he made a valiant effort to be everywhere at once, and succeeded in being in a surprising number of places and leaving blessing and encouragement with a surprising number of people during the few remaining years of his life. He died in 687. His feast is celebrated on March 20; that of St. Chad is March 2.

Looking back through history, we can see how fortunate it was that neither of these two great forms of Christianity simply stamped the other out at this time. Each had something valuable to contribute to the English Church: Rome, the stable organization and administrative setup which the Celtic Church completely lacked; the Celtic Church, a knowledge of and close relationship with the common, ordinary people, which the Roman Church, working as it did downward from kings and nobles, would have needed generations to achieve. It was surely largely due to the work of Chad and Cuthbert and others like them that the two streams were able to mingle so well and with so little lasting bitterness.

While the west was thus engaged in the conversion of the tribes and the slow development of medieval society, the east was desperately trying to stem the tide of Islam, which, surging out of the Arabian peninsula, was flooding over Africa and Asia. Cities great in Christian history were engulfed by

it: Damascus, Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem; and only desperate resistance finally kept it from spreading all over Europe: well.

One of the accusations with which Islam has always confronted Christianity is that idolatry. The reverence shown to the Cross, the veneration of images, and so on, seem to the Moslem, as to the Jew, to involve the worship of graven images which is forbidden by all three religions. So it was that, in the eighth century, the Iconoclastic controversy broke out in the eastern Church, between those who upheld the veneration of images and those who agreed with the Moslems that it was wrong. The great figure in this controversy was St. John Damascene, a monk who had formerly been a high civil official under the Sultan. Besides his own writings in defense of images, he provided the Church with collections of the important works of earlier eastern theologians, arranged for easy reference; and while the controversy was not finally settled till long after his death—and perhaps in some quarters has not been settled yet!—he was responsible for providing a good deal of the material with which to settle it. He probably died around 750; his feast is March 27.

As the split between East and West widened, the western Church more and more lost touch with the learning and culture of the old imperial days. While the Dark Ages were probably never as dark as they have often been portrayed, still a great deal had to be neglected, as men fought the forests and swamps of Europe, the invaders from east and north, and the recurrent plagues and famines, in order to feed and shelter their bodies as best they might. The things of the spirit were not forgotten, but most men had no chance to do anything more than hold on to the basic essentials of the Faith. Clarification of difficult points, resolution of problems in general, and the coordination of scattered knowledge had to wait.

By the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the crisis had passed, and the battle for physical survival was clearly going to be won. Under the influence of the Crusades, trade and travel began to revive, and in the monasteries and cathedral schools which had kept

Western learning alive through the years, new scholarship began to develop. The universities appeared, and men flocked to Paris, Bologna, and elsewhere to learn the arts, philosophy, and theology.

But the apparent cleavage between pagan philosophy, represented by the rediscovered Aristotle, and Christian theology, gave rise to serious trouble. Those who adhered to Aristotle had to discount revelation as a source of truth; those who held on to revelation rejected Aristotle, and with him much of the power of reason. Was Aristotle's truth opposed to Christ's?—reason irreconcilable with faith? It began to look that way.

But a young Italian named Thomas, a member of the Dominican Order, didn't think so. Entering the Order in his teens, Thomas had been sent to study under Albert the Great, also a Dominican. The young fellow did not participate much in class discussion and debate, and Albert was inclined to consider him a little stupid. However, his misunderstanding was shortly cleared up, and the two became close friends and co-workers. By the time Thomas was in his early twenties, he was a university professor, gaining a tremendous reputation; at about thirty, he successfully defended his Order against the false allegations of a certain William of St. Amour; the king, Louis IX, consulted him on important problems of state; and besides, there were his daily duties as a Dominican. One would have thought he had quite enough to keep him busy. But in his teaching, Thomas time and time again found himself hampered by the disorder and incoherence of the texts he had to use; and besides, this matter of Aristotle vs. Christianity was getting serious. If people couldn't see how obviously the two fitted together, he would have to show them. So about 1265, having gotten out of the way such other matters as a commentary on Peter Lombard's *Sentences*, and the *Summa contra gentiles*, he set to work on the *Summa Theologica*, which was to occupy him almost until his death.

However, Thomas was more than a brilliant intellectual. He was a man of deep prayer, as we are told by those who knew him well; and a poet whose magnificent

hymns in honor of the Blessed Sacrament are among the Church's treasures. By his death in 1274, at no more than fifty years of age, he had accomplished enough work to fill triple the time, and had given to the Church a tremendous legacy of erudition and devotion. His feast is on March 7.

Not far removed from St. Thomas in character and spirit, though six hundred years later in time, was a quiet Englishman named John Keble, who had won most of the available honors at Oxford between 1806 and 1826, and then had left the university to take up the work of curate to his father, a country priest. A man of deep learning and as deep piety, he was to be a leading figure in the movement that split the Church of England wide open in the mid-nineteenth century—the Oxford Movement.

The Church of England at the beginning of the last century was in a pretty bad way. As an organization, it was looked upon almost as a department of the state; spiritually it was paralyzed by fear of "enthusiasm," ignorance of the nature and importance of the Church, and a general comfortable worldliness that was content to achieve respectability and leave it at that. But there were those here and there, and Keble was one of them, who still maintained the essential Catholic doctrines that had come down through the great Anglicans of the seventeenth century, and Keble's Assize Sermon at Oxford in 1833, on "National Apostasy," acted as a sort of catalytic agent, bringing together the little group of men who were to begin the famous Tracts and ultimately reawaken the entire Anglican Communion. Keble, while he contributed to the Tracts, remained primarily an adviser, and his quiet strength was an incalculable aid to those in the front line of the battle during the crises of the Movement. His parishioners in the village of Hursley knew him only as a holy priest whom they loved and honored, and were amazed at the crowd of dignitaries who attended his funeral in 1866. He is remembered on March 29, the day of his death.





Book Reviews



BY SYDNEY ATKINSON, O.H.C.

BY MEANS OF DEATH, by Hughell E. W. Fosbroke. (Seabury: Greenwich, 1957) pp. 93. Cloth. \$1.75.

As might be expected from the pen of the former Dean of General Theological Seminary, this is a book manifesting deep thought. But it also appears as the product of one who has lived his religion, not only in the arm chair of the savant, but also on his knees and in the thick of the life of the Church Militant. These Good Friday Meditations should not be missed by any priest or layman. The sheer drama and pathos of Dr. Fosbroke's treatment of the Fourth Word, for instance, will find a response in every reader's soul which will serve to deepen our appreciation of the sacrifice of the God-Man. Suitable prayers at the end of each chapter make it a volume which can well be used for private devotion.

MY INNER FAITH, by Ileana, Princess Romania. (Morehouse-Gorham: New York, 1957) pp. 16. Paper. 40 cents.

This is one of the most impressive testimonies of a deep faith that it has been my good fortune to read. The Princess Ileana was born of a Roman Catholic father and an Anglican mother but was reared in the Eastern Orthodox Church. This, you might think, would lead to all sorts of complications. But one feels that she has somehow been able to grasp and use all that is best of these diverse traditions of Christendom—with the emphasis on the Orthodox side. I am sure the Holy Spirit guided her to write this little book to bolster up our courage as we falter along the way of faith and I hope many will have the privilege of reading it.

* * *



SAINT HELENA'S CONVENT, NEWBURGH, IN WINTER DRESS

The Order of Saint Helena

Newburgh Notes

"O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord." And we give hearty thanks for Alex, for his helpfulness with the snowplow and for appearing at the kitchen door, on the frostiest mornings, with an offer to carry out the



ALEX AND THE SNOWPLOW

garbage for us. Sheba, his dalmatian, and his girl-friend, Chi-Chi (an enormous black poodle), ordinarily enjoy cavorting in the snow, but on the morning it was 14 below, Sheba flatly refused to stir from her warm cage!

In spite of the inclement weather, we have had the usual complement of guests—friends, relatives, those who "just want to see what convent is like," and many seeking spiritual and physical rest and renewal.

The recent visit of a guest from the Deep South coincided with a sub-zero cold wave and six or eight inches of snow. Far from begging her radiator, she declared that she *loved* the snow, and promptly set off to love it by ploughing her way, with one of the Sisters, the mile or so to Murderer's Creek! On her return, she set off gaily to the front gate to take pictures. These hardy southerners!

Many Newburgh children are accustomed to seeing Sisters, as there are several communities represented here, but even so their reactions are utterly unpredictable. You never know whether they'll grin and mumble, "morning, S'ter!" or back away in horror, crying, "Mama! what's *that*?" (It *has*

happened!) Recently, in a Doctor's reception room, one small girl eyed Sister for a time, then turning to her mother, she "whispered," "Is *she* the one who's married to GOD?"

Not long ago, a pert five-year-old stopped one of the Sisters on a neighborhood street and queried her at great length about her name, occupation, home, etc. Finally she pointed to the white habit and asked what it was. "That's the kind of dress we wear," Sister replied. The child surveyed her from head to foot while digesting this, then asked wistfully, "Do they have them in little girl sizes, too?"

At the present time we have Sisters teaching in the Sunday Schools of three parishes, in the Newburgh area: St. George's, St. Thomas' (New Windsor), and St. Agnes' (Balmville). In addition, one Sister goes to St. Andrew's, Beacon, on a weekday, to assist with St. Mary's Girls' Club. The girls visited the Convent around Christmas-time, and came again to assist at Mass here, on the Feast of the Purification.



At St. George's, three-year-old Nancy kept asking why her regular Sister-teacher couldn't come. After accepting the answer (finally) that "Sister just had to stay home, today," she looked up brightly and asked, "And did she *cry*?" (Would that they all felt that away about Sunday School!) She it was who, when asked, "Who came to visit the Baby Jesus?" (i.e., the Three Kings) insisted loudly, "I did!"

One Sister found she'd really started something when she introduced her version of the game of Bible Baseball, in which the teacher is the pitcher, and "hits" are correct answers to Holy Cross catechism questions. Now the children beg to be allowed to play it every Sunday!

In another parish, the teacher was reviewing their catechism with the pre-school group. "Where is God?" The usual wild guesses, then the right one, "God is everywhere." "Yes," piped up a very little one, "and he was in here just a minute ago!" Was the Rector's face red!

On the evening of January 22nd, Sister Josephine was the guest speaker at Canterbury House, in Philadelphia, where a group of friends of the Order and Alumnae of Margaret Hall School have recently formed a new Guild of St. Helena. The aims of this Guild are to help raise funds for possible candidates to the Religious Life and to bring an awareness of the Order and its mission to parishes in the Diocese of Pennsylvania. Since the founding of the original Guild of St. Helena in Louisville, Kentucky, some years ago, Guilds composed of friends and Associates of the Order have grown up in New Orleans, New York City, and Newburgh. Anyone in the Philadelphia area who is interested may contact Mrs. Charles Lawrence, 215 South 42nd St., Philadelphia 4, Pennsylvania.

Sister Mary Michael and Sister Clare took part in the Young People's Convocation of Orange County, which met on Sunday, afternoon, February 3rd. On the 7th, Sister Mary Florence spoke and showed slides on the life and work of the Order to the Women's Auxiliary at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh. A few days later, she gave a similar program at St. Paul's, Albany.

On February 19th, Sister Mary Michael conducted a Quiet Day at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., and on the 22nd we had a retreat for women at the Convent. Two days later, Sister Josephine left for a two weeks' trip in the South, giving Quiet Days in Williamston, N. C., Wilmington, N. C., Orangeburg, S. C., and Savannah, Ga., also speaking at the Church of the Holy Communion, Charleston, S. C.

On March 15-17, Sister Josephine will take part in a Vocational Guidance Conference at Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn., planned by the Director of College Work in this province, Miss Jessie Butler, and attended by girls from the various colleges of the province.

Among the many other comings-and-goings planned for March, on St. Joseph's Day, Sister Mary Florence will be attending the meeting of the Advisory Council of the Conference on the Religious Life, at De Koven Foundation, in Racine, Wisconsin.

Sister Mary Michael will be conducting a series of Quiet Days and talks from March 13th to 18th at St. Mark's, Cocoa, Fla., Trinity, Melbourne, and St. John's, Edgewater, Ga.—all in Florida. Then she will be going to Lake Charles, La., to start a children's week mission on the 19th.

On March 6th, Sister Katharine will conduct a Quiet Day at Warwick, and on March 16th, 18th, and 23rd, we will be having Quiet Days here at the Convent. On March 30th there will be a conducted retreat for girls who have attended previous September Religious Life Conferences.

Last fall, a friend and devoted churchwoman, Miss Marie Van Vorst, very generously gave us a reconditioned Altar Bread Baker, engraved for 35 people's hosts. Thanks to her expert advice, our trials were not *all* errors, and we were able to produce some good wafers by Christmas-time. During a recent visit to St. Mary's Convent, Peekskill, the Sisters most graciously showed us their Altar Bread Department and gave us some invaluable advice on technique of making Altar Bread.

We're now looking for a baker engraver for the large priests' hosts. (If anyone knows where we could procure a used baker we'd be most grateful for the information, as the new ones are frightfully expensive.) One firm to whom we wrote for information replied asking if we could handle an order in the near future for some ten *million* people's hosts and twenty thousand priests' hosts. How we wish that we could, but for the time being (and probably for some time to come) we will have to limit our "customers" to the immediate family.

Versailles Notes

January—yes, we have exam week, with all its joys and sorrows for students and faculty alike. The first mixed-up experience of preparation is getting back to school after the holidays, and finding that studying and thinking are pretty interesting after all, once you get down to it, and that life at school has many pleasures that we realize we missed at least a little at home. Our friend, Dr. Alvord Eardslee, director of the Council for Religion in Independent Schools, stopped with us overnight on the 10th, and led a group of students and faculty in a discussion of some of the serious aspects of dating, such as, inter alia, dating, prejudice, what dating is for, attitudes to others, and why parents have to be concerned.

Bishop Moody, our Diocesan, came on the 10th to confirm Sandra Brett at our chapel service after dinner. He commended to her and to all of us the practice of being thankful to God for His rich gifts of life and love.

During the month we thought much about refugees, partly because we were using Wednesday lunch dessert money for helping refugee Hungarians. On the 19th, the Cercle Francais put on a Talent Show and sold strawberries for our refugee fund, and on the 26th, arrived a 14 year-old East German student. Ursula Parnitzke, whose family has just come to this country and is living near Cincinnati. She came, with two beautiful long heavy brown braids hanging down her back, and in spite of speaking no English at all, she was warm and cheerful to meet. Those who know assure her that in two or three months she will know enough English to converse conversationally in nearly everything. Our foreign language students are green with envy.

There are exam week compensations. One is the appearance of "exam sandwiches," as we hear them called this year. These are three-decker sandwiches iced with colored cream cheese. Another is the skating expedition to Lexington after lunch on Friday, when the last Christian Doctrine student is supposed to have stopped writing. And most interesting of all is the imminence of Sunday, when seven boys and some grown-ups from

St. Andrew's are due to arrive for Conference Week.

This year Sister Josephine, our first Conference Week guest, arrived on Thursday, and was guest of honor at tea on Saturday, when alumnae and former students of hers came from fifty miles around to see her. The Father Superior came early, too, for a visitation to the Convent. He gave the basic course in this year's study of Africa. Mr. Gilbert Johnson, Assistant Headmaster of St. Andrew's, gave a course on African saints, and Sister Josephine polished up the one on the negro in the United States that she used to give when she was stationed at the school. Other groups studied South Africa, North Africa, Egypt, Kenya, the Congo, Dr. Schweitzer and French Equatorial Africa, Liberia and the Gold Coast. The opening film on Monday was Edward Muro's "Report on Africa." Two films were shown each day, including one of an Othello ballet. Father Kroll had recordings for us of Ramadan ceremonies, and of a Kisi band and gave a talk on African languages to our language students. Several meetings were scheduled for general discussion. Thursday dinner was as African as we could make it; we'll be glad to supply menus to inquirers. The offering of the High Mass at seven on Friday for the peace of the world and for growth in Christian charity and justice between nations and races was the focal point of the week's work and fellowship. St. Andrew's boys served as acolytes, and the Lower School art classes had helped turn the gym into a chapel, by making representations of African saints, twelve in stained-glass for the windows, and eight in murals.

At ten o'clock, on Friday, as is usual, a representative from each class group made an oral report before the whole school. Three judges had been appointed to choose the three best reports. The winners are announced, and prizes awarded, at the Prize Day Banquet in June. Conference Week examinations come Friday afternoon. After the end of the exam period, one social function follows another: tea, Versailles movies, riding, visits to Blue Grass horse farms, and

a Sock-Hop. Then Sunday morning, everybody is at Mass together again, there is breakfast, and the lingering farewells as the caravan gets going on its way back to the Tennessee mountains.

February this year was unwontedly free of earthshaking events, since Lent, with its Carnival preparation and the Student Retreat are put off till March. The Guild of St. John the Divine had its annual silver tea for the Polio Drive on the 9th. The dramatic club, Paints and Patches, presented a play, *The Man in the Bowler Hat*. The Cercle Francais was hostess on the 5th to a French Student from Morehead College, who de-

lighted them with comparisons of student life in the two countries. The Spring Informal Dance took place on the 23rd, and Valentine's Day each girl was allowed a half pound of candy of her own.

Back in January, on the 9th, Sister Mary Joseph met with a circle of the Women's Auxiliary of St. John's, Versailles, and spoke to them about the Religious Life and the Order of St. Helena. On February 15th Sister Rachel was in Louisville, speaking at a joint meeting of the Canterbury Club and of the Psychology Club of the University of Louisville on "Adlerian Psychology in the Episcopal Church School."

The Order of The Holy Cross

WEST PARK NOTES

- MARCH -

Father Superior, to the best of our knowledge, will be in Africa.

Father Turkington has the following engagements: a Retreat in Richmond, Va., on the 1st and 2nd; a School of Prayer in Linthicum Heights, Md., from the 3rd to the 6th; a Retreat at the House of the Redeemer in New York City, 8-11; a Retreat for the Brotherhood of St. Andrew to be held at Grier School, Tyrone, Pa., 22-24.

Father Atkinson will be conducting a parochial mission at Trinity Church, Paterson, N. J., March 24-31.

Father Hawkins will be conducting services and preaching at Christ Church, Red Hook, N. Y., on the 3rd, 6th and 10th. On the 17th he will preach at Saint Andrew's Church, Trenton, N. J., and the following day will conduct the Lenten Devotions of the local chapter of the A. C. U. at the Church of the Redeemer, Morristown, N. J.

Father Harris will be taking all services at Sing-Sing in March during Fr. Adams' absence.

Father Bicknell conducts a Mission, along with Fr. Terry, at the Chapel of the Intercession, New York City, from the 1st to the 9th; holds a School of Prayer at Saint John's Church, Wilkinsonville, Mass., 10-15; and gives a series of addresses at Christ Church, Pottstown, Pa., over the weekend of the 17th. On the 18th he is to preach at Saint John's

Church, Norristown, Pa., and on the 30th he will begin a week's parochial mission at Saint Mary's Church, Wayne, Pa.

Father Adams is to hold a mission from the 3rd to the 8th at Saint John's Church, East Hartford, Conn., followed by another mission from the 10th to the 17th at Saint Richard's Church, Chicago, Ill. On the 19th he will attend the Religious Orders Conference at Racine, Wisc., and then he will begin a week's mission at Saint Mary Magdalene Church, Villa Park, Ill., on the 24th.

Father Terry will be assisting Fr. Bicknell in the mission at Intercession Chapel, New York City, 1-9, and then he will conduct another mission at Grace Church, Hartford, Conn., 10-17. Father will be preaching and holding a Quiet Day at Calvary Church, Wilmington, Del., on the 24th and 25th, and then begin another week's mission at Christ Church, Elizabeth, N. J., on the 30th.

Brother Michael will, in addition to his regular release time teaching at Red Hook, N. Y., be conducting a Quiet Day at St. Paul's Church, Washington, D. C., on the 16th.

• CORRECTION •

In our February issue we incorrectly stated that contributor Peter Megargee Brown is a member of the law firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham and Taft. We should have said that he is an associate of this eminent legal firm in New York City.

An Ordo of Worship and Intercession - Mar. - Apr. 1957

- 6 Ember Saturday V Proper Mass col 2) Ash Wednesday pref of Lent until Passion Sunday unless otherwise directed—for the reunion of Christendom
 - 17 2nd Sunday in Lent Semidouble V col 2) St. Patrick BC 3) Ash Wednesday cr—for the Church of Ireland
 - 18 St. Cyril of Jerusalem Double W gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday cr—for the Society of the Oblates of Mt. Calvary
 - 19 St. Joseph Spouse BVM Double I Cl gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday cr prop pref—for the Brothers of St. Joseph
 - 20 Wednesday V Proper Mass col 2) St. Cuthbert BC 3) Ash Wednesday—for the Companions of the Order of Holy Cross
 - 21 St. Benedict Ab Gr Double W gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday—for the Order of St. Benedict
 - 22 Friday V Proper Mass col 2) Ash Wednesday—for the Liberian Mission
 - 23 Saturday V Proper Mass col 2) Ash Wednesday—for the Order of St. Helena
 - 24 3rd Sunday in Lent Semidouble V col 2) St. Gabriel Archangel 3) Ash Wednesday cr—for our enemies
 - 25 Annunciation BVM Double I Cl W gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday cr prop pref—for the Community of St. Mary
 - 26 St. Dismas the Good Thief Double W gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday—for the Society of St. Dismas
 - 27 St. John of Damascus CD Double W gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday cr—for the Eastern Orthodox Church
 - 28 Thursday V Proper Mass col 2) Ash Wednesday—for the Priests Associate
 - 29 Friday V Proper Mass col 2) John Keble C 3) Ash Wednesday—for the Church of England
 - 30 Saturday V Mass as on March 28—for the Order of St. Anne
 - 31 4th Sunday in Lent Semidouble V or Rose col 2) Ash Wednesday cr—for all mothers
- April 1 Monday V Proper Mass col 2) Ash Wednesday—for the Seminarists Associate
- 2 Tuesday V Proper Mass col 2) St. Francis of Paula C 3) Ash Wednesday—for all children
 - 3 Wednesday V Proper Mass col 2) St. Richard of Chichester BC 3) Ash Wednesday—for all bishops
 - 4 St. Isidore of Seville BCD Double W gl col 2) feria Ash Wednesday cr—for refugees
 - 5 Friday V Mass as on April 1—for the Confraternity of the Christian Life
 - 6 Saturday V Mass as on April 1—for Mt. Calvary
 - 7 Passion Sunday Semidouble V col 2) Ash Wednesday cr in Masses of the season through Maundy Thursday omit Psalm in Preparation Gloria there and at Introit and Lavabo—for the Order of the Holy Cross
 - 8 Monday V Proper Mass col 2) Ash Wednesday—for vocations to the religious life
 - 9 Tuesday V Mass as on April 8—for the sick
 - 10 Wednesday V Mass as on April 8—for doctors, nurses and hospital attendants
 - 1 St. Leo the Great BCD Double W gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday—for theologians
 - 2 Compassion BVM Gr Double W gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday seq cr pref BVM (Veneration)—for all Franciscans
 - 3 St. Justin Martyr Double R gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday—for the Confraternity of the Love of God
 - 4 Palm Sunday Semidouble V before principal Mass blessing and procession of palms no Last Gospel at other Masses LG from blessing of palms—in thanksgiving for our Lord's atonement
 - 5 Monday V col 2) Palm Sunday—for peace
 - 6 Tuesday V col 2) Palm Sunday—for all who suffer

NOTE: On lesser and greater doubles in Lent Mass may be of the feria V col 2) feast.
On the days indicated in italics ordinary Requiems may be said.

. . . Press Notes . . .

PRESS NOTES

We just about get a breathing spell from the Christmas rush of orders and renewals of the *Magazine*, when the "RUSH" starts all over again in preparation for Lent. It is gratifying to have so many orders for Lent material coming in ahead of time. But we also must be prepared for all of the "Please RUSH, IMMEDIATELY" etc., that will come in on Shrove Tuesday and the articles needed for Ash Wednesday (perhaps as far away as Texas!).

We are pleased to see how the "Letter Size Tracts" are being used this year; far more large orders for them have come in than last year, and more and more new users, too. These are excellent "suggestions" for the people and can be enclosed in bulletins and programs that are mailed to the communicants. And don't forget the "Communion of the Sick" folder.

We are grateful to The Living Church for the excellent review of Constance Garrett's "Prayer and Prayer Groups" for it has brought this valuable book to the attention of many persons who otherwise would not have heard of it. It is now one of our "Best Sellers." See the ad on opposite page.

Do you remember how your English teachers labored with you to teach you to avoid the excessive use of the word "I"? I do, but that seems to be forgotten when writing Press Notes comes up. Look back at all the "we." Oh, well.

"ALL FOR THE LOVE OF GOD" the actual title of the OMNIBUS book mentioned some time ago and it will be out (hope) some time after March 15th. The Episcopal Book Club has made this the Lent selection and priced at \$3.65. The Club is one of our advertisers—so, follow slogan about them.

WANTED: Copy of Vol. I Fr. Hanson's "COMMON SENSE ABOUT RELIGION"

Here is another interesting "discovery" of the *Holy Cross Magazine* from a sold-out copy. "I stumbled upon a copy one day while helping clean up the attic of the Hokkaido Anglican University Center in Sapporo, Japan. The neat and attractive cover caught my eye and I picked up the magazine right away. And that started my subscription!" (The man as didn't know he was going to break the print.)

A promotion was given to me a while ago—"MGR." is usually typed after my name in signature and I have received several letters addressed to "Monsignor." (Wrong Church!) Promotion or no, it won't be long and the brand new casting reel service brought will get the first try-out.

May God richly bless you in all your endeavors this Lent to know Him better and may His Holy Spirit guide you through to a better understanding to a greater service to Him and for Him.

E. C. S. A.

An energetic group of Church people have banded themselves together to give prayerful support to the great needs of our fellow Anglicans in South Africa which have been so graphically described by Father Trevor Huddleston and Father Jarrett-Kerr, priests of the Community of the Resurrection. They have a Books Program under way to implement the Church's work

to help the Africans deprived of educational privileges and they intend to widen their spheres of effort and effectiveness. Won't you help? For further information write to:

**Episcopal Churchmen for So. Africa,
c/o The Church of the Resurrection,
115 East 74th Street,
New York 21, N. Y.**